This is never going to wash away

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by hannibalsbirthdaycake

Summary

For Kinktober '22: Dead Dove Chapter - Body Modification

(I've never written anything for this sort of thing, but saw the prompt list and this idea was born.)

Will is abducted by Mason Verger's men and is destined to be sold as a sex slave to the highest bidder--but not before Cordell makes some much needed body modifications.

Hannibal occasionally visits these auctions in search of his next victims. At one such auction, he finds an interesting blue eyed man--starkly different from the rest.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shuffled into a white, sterile room, Will looks around blearily. The last thing he remembers is walking home from work—then nothing. Now he's awake, in a room with three other men. All naked, all confused. He covers his junk with his hands and shivers, the room is cold. Nobody knows where they are or *why* they're there.

If he didn't know any better, he'd think he was in a hospital, but no hospital would treat patients like this. He sits down, trying to remember what happened, but none of the memories will come. *He must've been drugged,* he thinks. It makes more sense the longer he sits there, coming back to himself. He's got a pounding headache and his dry mouth feels stuffed with cotton. Side effects of the drug, he's sure.

He feels clean—squeaky clean. His stomach flips at the idea of someone *washing* him while he was unconscious, but that must be what happened. He runs a hand through his hair, finding it soft and free of knots. The other men are similarly clean, but still nobody speaks. The youngest of the men could be a child—maybe 15?

"Does anyone know where we are?" Will finally asks, voice rough from his dry mouth and throat. It hurts to speak.

"No…" The youngest answers shakily. "I was on my way home from school and that's all I remember."

Everyone else's stories are similar. Will's mind provides him with a number of horrifying reasons why they might be here. Sex trafficking or black market organ harvesting seem possible, but maybe someone has taken all of them and are holding them for ransom. That idea immediately seems implausible. Will has nobody who'd pay a ransom to get him back, he's sure whoever took them did their research.

A man with blonde hair, wearing square glasses and a three piece suit saunters into the room, flanked by two armed guards. His dress shoes squeak on the clean floor as he sizes each man up. He stops in front of Will, who is most likely the oldest man of the bunch.

"This one is a little old, is he not?" The man says to the guards.

"He is, but look at him. He's a nice one, Mason." One guard replies.

"I do agree," The man, Mason, hums. "He'll probably go for a little less than the others though."

Will squeezes his eye tightly shut when Mason grabs him by the jaw, tilting his head upward.

"He's clean, not too scarred. What do you think he'd go for? $15,000?"

The guard nods in agreement, “Maybe more once he has some modifications.”

Will wants to scream, to lash out at the man holding his face. But he finds his limbs are still heavy and his mind fuzzy, so he stands, swaying on his feet minutely and lets Mason look him over. He doesn’t have the mental faculties to really process what *modifications* might mean, or else he’d be even more terrified than he currently is.

Mason finally leaves him to take a look at the other men, making comments on their appearances, even criticizing the size of their cocks. That makes Will believe they’re sex traffickers. *Why else would it matter?* He wonders.

One man calls out to Mason when he turns to walk away, “What the fuck do you want with us?!”

One guard immediately turns and pulls out an electric cattle prod, shocking the man in the abdomen, making him hunch over in pain. The men leave after that, and Will’s left with the distinct feeling they’re going to be treated no better than livestock from now on.

He doesn’t know how much time has passed in the windowless room, with the fluorescent lights too bright above his head. He is starving—the hunger had begun gnawing at his stomach from the moment he woke, but the lingering nausea from the drugs kept it from being unbearable. Now, with the drugs gone, he can feel the hunger pangs with more force and even the growing pressure in his bladder, though that isn’t unbearable, yet.

The men come back into the room sometime later and take the youngest boy, kicking and screaming out of the room. Nobody knows where they go, but they can hear his screams dissipate as they walk away in the hallway outside. Catching a glimpse of the hallway, Will can see it doesn’t have the same white, sterile quality as the room. In fact, it appears dark, with gray cement walls. He wonders if they are underground.

Trying to grasp onto something, anything to try and keep track of time, Will knows he could drive himself crazy with it. The men huddle close together, desperate for warmth or comfort, maybe both, in the cold room. Will, unable to tolerate most physical touch, especially with strangers, stays away from the huddle. Instead, he sits against the wall, his arms wrapped around his knees. At least he’s not shivering right now. At some point, he drifts into a light sleep, only stirred awake by the door opening.

The next thing he knows, he’s being grabbed by the guards. He struggles, trying to free himself of their ironlike grips on his arms, but to no avail. He whimpers pathetically when the guard on the right sticks the cattle prod to his side, shocking him and causing his legs to give beneath him. The shock also causes him to release his bladder, a stream of hot urine now running down his leg and hitting the floor.

“Jesus fucking christ.” The guard on his left mutters, looking down at the mess.

If Will wasn’t being manhandled and shocked like cattle, he’d be embarrassed by it, but as it is, he isn’t. *Leave them with a mess to clean up*, he thinks. They drag him down the hallway, and into another room. This room is white, clinical and sterile like the one he was just in, but

in the center there's what appears to be a surgical table, though it has straps that go across is and restraints for wrists and legs.

As they drag him closer to the table, he fights back digging his bare feet into the floor fruitlessly. He whips his head around and bites down on one of the men's forearms, taking a chunk of flesh with him. He spits it out on the floor, though neither man loosens their grip.

"Teeth are a privilege, not a right." The bitten guard says, now bodily placing him on the table.

They make quick work of strapping him down, his legs and wrists fastened with tight leather cuffs. There's also a leather loop that fastens around his neck he'd missed earlier. Now, entirely strapped down, he can't even wriggle. His heart beats rapidly, sweat forming along his brow. He is well and truly *terrified* now.

A doctor comes in moments later, an overweight, balding man with a predatory smile. Will only assumes he's a doctor because he's wearing red scrubs and has a stethoscope around his neck. If Will weren't strapped down, he'd grab the stethoscope and choke the life out of the man.

"I'm told you bit one of our men," The doctor says.

Will remains stubbornly silent.

"Alright, not talkative. I understand. But I do have to punish you for your indiscretion."

The doctor places what looks like a ring gag into Will's mouth, forcing it to remain open. The contraption fastens around the back of his head and there's no way for him to close his mouth. He looks on in fear when he sees the doctor grab a set of tooth extraction forceps.

"I am only going to remove one tooth, but if you bite again, I'll take them all." The doctor warns.

And then the forceps are in Will's mouth, towards the back and gripping onto one of his molars. He screams as much as he can with the gag in his mouth. He feels like he's been shot in the jaw when the tooth finally comes out. He can see the red blood covering the tooth and he can feel it filling his mouth. He has no choice but to swallow it, the thick, coppery liquid sliding down his throat like molasses. His stomach protests at the intrusion, and if he'd been upright, he'd probably vomit.

"Now, then. Do you want to know why you're here?" The doctor asks in a conversational tone.

Will says nothing, unable to speak through the pain and the gag in his mouth. He watches with wide eyes as the doctor prepares various surgical tools. A nurse comes into the room then, bringing some other items on a cart. She takes the gag out of his mouth, and places some gauze onto the hole where his tooth once was. He wonders if they're going to knock him out for whatever procedure they're going to do next.

“I’m sorry but you will be awake for this.” The doctor says, as if reading Will’s mind. “Now, the orders I’ve been given are to castrate and circumsize you.”

Will’s eyes widen in complete shock. *Castrate* him? *Circumsize* him? What the hell?

“Most of our buyers prefer a less… developed man. This will help you with that.” The doctor says. “And circumcision is just cleaner, so we do that to everyone who is uncut.”

“Cordell, stop toying him. Let’s just get this over with.” The nurse urges, shooting a sympathetic look Will’s way.

If she’s sympathetic to his plight, why is she assisting with whatever this operation is? Will wonders, though he is shocked away from his thoughts when he feels a cold, gloved hand on his penis, pushing the foreskin down to expose his glans.

Will keeps his eyes pointed upwards and away from the man currently fondling his dick with more pressure than he’s sure is necessary. Soon, the doctor is stroking him to full hardness. He hates himself for responding to the stimulation, but he’s only human and soon it begins to feel pleasurable.

Will whimpers, voice muffled by the gauze, “why are you doing this to me?”

“I want to.” The doctor, Cordell, replies.

He enjoys playing with the new toys Mason brings him sometimes, if they’re particularly attractive. How could he not? Having them strapped to his table, unable to move. It’s as if they’re gift wrapped for him, and Mason doesn’t mind, so long as he doesn’t leave marks or fuck them.

The doctor presses on Will’s perineum with skilled fingers and continues jerking his cock with his other hand. Then, the combined stimulation brings Will to orgasm and he spills over the doctor’s hand and onto his thighs. He groans and shudders, shame filling him and his face flushes red. The nurse had watched the entire thing as well.

“Clean him up, please. We need to get started.” Cordell says to the nurse, who immediately begins cleaning.

She gently takes his spent cock in hand and cleans the semen away, then wipes down his thighs as Cordell changes his gloves. She then spreads shaving gel around his genitals, shaving him carefully with a straight razor from the base of his cock to his balls. Her hands are cold and he’s already overstimulated so the experience borders on painful, though he expect there will be more to come.

“We don’t want you to scream yourself hoarse, so I’m going to inject some local anesthetic into your groin.” The nurse says, prepping the syringe.

Will tenses as she injects the first bit into his cock, and bites his lip when the second injection goes near his scrotum. Soon, he feels the numbness take over and he can no longer feel what

they're doing to him. But he can see it, and he wonders if that's almost worse. Cordell measures his foreskin and then he's cutting it, removing the bit of flesh with precision.

Miserably, Will thinks it at least won't look botched. The man must be an actual surgeon. He watches Cordell lift the foreskin away, exposing his glans permanently. He mourns the loss of the organ, having been told by his partners they enjoyed that he was uncut, since it wasn't relatively common in the states. Though, he knows that is the least of his worries. He doesn't know if he'll ever get out of this place, much less have sex with anyone again.

Cordell places stitches in his cock, reattaching the cut skin to the other side, closing the wound he created from the procedure. Will is glad he hadn't felt much more than som pulling and pressure. He can't imagine how painful it would have been without the anesthetic. Momentarily forgetting he's also going to be castrated, he sighs in relief that it's over.

"For this next part, you might feel it a bit more." Cordell says.

Will's stomach drops. He's not ready to become practically emasculated. He doesn't have cancer that necessitates such treatment and he's not willingly signing up for this. *It isn't fair*, he thinks hopelessly.

"No, no, no, please don't—please!" He begs, unable to keep himself quiet.

"Be quiet or I'll gag you again." Cordell responds sharply.

Will quiets, willing his mind to go anywhere but here. He wonders if anyone is looking for him. Surely Jack is missing his best profiler, and Alana is missing her friend. They'll find him, *right*?

A high, pitched whine escapes from his throat as he feels the scalpel cut into his scrotum. It's only a little painful, but the pressure and pulling make it extremely uncomfortable—not to mention it feels like he is being entirely emasculated. Though, he thinks they wouldn't have gone through the trouble of circumsizing him if they were going to cut his dick off, too.

He can't see what's happening, but he can feel the blood leak down onto his ass and hit the table he's on. There's a pulling sensation in his crotch as Cordell takes the first testicle out and snips it off. He's crying now, fat tears rolling down his cheeks. He hardly feels the next testicle be removed, and then Cordell is cutting away the scrotum and stitching it up, so there'll no empty sack hanging there once he's healed.

"Alright, stop your sniveling. It's done." Cordell chastises. "Make sure you keep it clean. We don't want to deal with an infection."

"Okay." Will answers emotionlessly.

He's exhausted, and the anesthetic is wearing off, meaning he's beginning to feel significant pain in his genitals. He feels like he has been thoroughly broken, and he doesn't much care what they do with him now. His body isn't his own anymore.

The nurse unstraps him and wheels him into a sort of recovery room, and helps him get into the bed. He winces at the discomfort, but says nothing as she straps his wrists to the bed frame. He's too tired to try and fight her. She places an IV, leaving Will to wonder what they're going to be putting in him, and why they couldn't have just knocked him out for operations they'd done on him.

"I am really sorry about this, Will." The nurse says, surprising him. Nobody has used his name since he got here.

"My name is Margot, let me know if I can help you." She says after.

"You can help me by getting me out of here." Will responds in a hushed whisper.

"You don't know Mason. I can't do that. I'm sorry, Will." Margot replies, then injects something into his IV which Will finds out is a sedative because unconsciousness claims him almost immediately.

Chapter End Notes

Should I write more of this? I think I should write more of this.

Chapter 2

Will now has a measure for how much time has passed. With the way his surgery scars have healed, he'd guess he's been in this place for about six weeks. They'd left him alone that first week, careful not to cause infection or worsening his incisions as to not cause a reduction in his sale value. After that week of recuperating, that's when the real '*fun*' began. Various men, the *trainers*, came to him in his cell every day to teach him how to behave.

At first, he'd resisted and had even broken one of their noses when they'd tried to give him an enema, but in the end, they'd still given him one since there were more trainers to replace that one. With the enemas came horrendous cramping, making him want to curl in on himself and sob, but he doesn't. He hadn't cried since the day they'd done his surgery.

He'd learned all the valuable skills they taught him, telling him it's what his new owner will expect of him and he'd better comply unless he wanted to be punished—or killed. Once he's sold, they don't care what the buyer does with him. He'd learned to kneel at his cell door when he comes to from his fitful sleep, and he learned to never look anyone in the eye—not that he did much of that before. But now, his eyes are carefully pointed at the floor at all times.

He wonders if they've succeeded in breaking him, and most days, he thinks they have. He kneels at his cell door one morning, waiting for his day to begin. He'd kept track of when they'd give him an enema and today shouldn't be one of those days, so he feels more relaxed in his submission position. He'd grown to not mind the plug they kept in his ass, though it would get annoying when they'd turn it on and the thing starts vibrating against his prostate.

He doesn't get erections often, and finds it's a small mercy. They don't fuck him often, but they do finger him and work plugs into his ass daily, usually leaving them there for hours at a time. Occasionally, they try to specifically get him hard, and it works. He wishes it wouldn't work as well as it does. Over the last six weeks, he's had two orgasms. Both were terrible, though not physically. They'd been forced out of him, and left him feeling so *dirty* afterwards even as the aftershocks of pleasure coursed through him.

He hasn't seen himself in a mirror since he was taken, but judging by his arms and his torso, he's become softer, his muscles slowly atrophying due to the loss of his testosterone. He also notices his facial and body hair not growing back as readily since they'd shaved him. He can't see his face, but he can feel the skin there and it's soft. He probably looks younger now. The thought makes him wonder about the kid he'd been in that first room with. He hasn't seen anyone other than his trainers since that day. He hopes they're okay. *Maybe some of them got how somehow*, he thinks.

Lost in his mind, he doesn't hear the door open immediately until someone shoves their foot at his side, making him grunt and topple over. He quickly rights himself and waits for instruction with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Time for your enema, boy." The trainer says.

Will makes the mistake of lifting his head up to meet the man's eyes. *An enema? Why have they changed the schedule?* He wonders frantically. Worrying so much about that, he doesn't care that the man jabs him with the electric cattle prod for looking at him. He doesn't like this change in routine.

After he gets the enema, the cramps begin to subside over the next hour, and he's then led into a room he's never seen before. It's a shower room, which is almost a pleasant sight, since he hasn't showered since he arrived. He shivers under the cold spray, but works quickly to clean himself with the cheap soap they gave him. He's surprised when he's given a towel—albeit a small, scratchy, towel. Still it's a *towel*! It's the closest thing he's had to clothing in weeks. He dries himself and of course, they yank the towel away. It's gone just as quickly as it arrived, and Will frowns minutely at the loss.

He's clean—*inside* and out, and now they're zip tying his hands behind his back and leading him down another corridor he's never seen before. He doesn't ask what's happening and doesn't dare look up at the trainer or the guards nearby as he follows them down the hallway. Led into a large room, he sees the other men he was brought here with. Everyone looks awful, just like he does, he's sure.

Each man is ushered into a small cage—very similar to the ones he'd seen at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Though these lack a place for him to sit, it seems like they don't want them sitting, since there are cuffs higher up in the cage. He doesn't struggle as they cut the tie from his wrists and strap them into the leather cuffs, making him stand up straight with his arms above his head. He feels like he's on display. He still gets urges to cover himself, but there's nothing he can do about that.

Though he'd never cared much about the size of his penis—it had been perfectly adequate for his past partners—he's certain it has gotten smaller. It's a common side effect of castration, he recalls from the biology classes he'd taken in college. Aside from the change in size, he finds that he doesn't like the way his penis looks circumsized. It looks all wrong, and the glans, now exposed, feels irritated all the time. The place where his scrotum used to be is now smooth, with only a pink raised scar from the incision. At times, when he was alone in his cell, he's rub his thumb over the scars, and think about how it used to feel. How he used to feel *complete* and now he doesn't even feel like a man.

———

Hannibal readies himself to go to tonight's auction. It's been about a year since his last purchase and he's ready for a new one. Mason Verger knows him by name and had called him earlier in the week to let him know he's got a good batch this time. Hannibal, unable to resist, said he would be there. Mason never asks what he does with the people he buys, and he prefers it that way. Maybe Mason thinks he runs a brothel of sorts, and he can believe whatever he wants. Though, he despises Mason and would kill him given the chance.

He doesn't need sex slaves to get laid, he has plenty of willing partners. He doesn't often entertain those desires, but the opportunity is there should he want it. Instead, of fucking them, he kills the boys he buys. It's a good system for him, they're people nobody misses. Often, they're homeless and taken off the street, or in the case of the younger ones, they come from broken homes and unfortunately, are often not missed when they don't make it

home. Nonetheless, it's a good way to feed his desires without attracting too much attention. He has a moral compass, but it's often very flexible. He usually refrains from buying the really young ones, in hopes they'll make it out of their situations and be able to live their lives—however damaged and traumatized they may be.

He arrives at the auction site, which is underground along with the rest of Mason's compound, with thirty minutes to spare before the auction begins. He takes the time to peruse tonight's selection, seeing all the men strapped up in their cages, he examines each of them, deciding which will be the best one to kill. He likes the men who don't get really skinny, because if he buys those, he has to wait to kill them until they've fattened up a bit.

He feels a modicum of pity for these men. All of them look terrified, and he supposes he would be afraid too if he were in their place. All but one looks terrified. The oldest man of the bunch looks emotionless, broken. His blue eyes are open but they're glassy. He's conscious but Hannibal thinks he's probably somewhere else in his head, and with that thought, he's decided which one he's taking home tonight.

When the auction begins, they take each man out of their cage, one by one and shuffle them up to a stage bathed in harsh light. The youngest goes first, and the things Mason Verger says about him make Will sick.

"Our youngest of the bunch! A confirmed virgin, newly castrated! He's supple and soft and would make anyone's bed warm! Let's start the bidding at $20,000!"

A multitude of hands raise, and the boy eventually sells for $75,000. After several more men are auctioned, it's clear the boy was the most valuable of the lot, since none of the others sell for more than $45,000. When everyone else is gone, they finally pull Will out of his cage, throwing him onto the stage.

"He's older, but he's spirited and will be a joy for anyone to truly break in! He's been castrated and already, you can see how soft his skin has become! We couldn't confirm whether or not he's a virgin so we'll start the bidding at $10,000." Mason says.

Only a couple hands raise, and Will would be insulted if he wasn't being auctioned off like an animal. His final price is only $20,000—the lowest of the lot. He gets a glimpse of the man who bought him. His graying blonde hair styled back, and he's wearing a suit that looks like it's worth an entire month's salary. His eyes are cold, calculating, from what Will can see and he finds he has no idea what to expect next as he's pushed off the stage.

He's led into a small room, where he's zip tied once again and then injected with something. It looks like the microchip the shelter had injected into his dogs' skin between their shoulder blades. It doesn't surprise him that they'd microchip him, ensuring they'd be able to find him if he happened to get away. Probably not to get him back, but to find and kill him so he doesn't try and out their operation.

They inject him with something else, this time a medication of some kind. It doesn't knock him out, but it makes him groggy, and unable to stand without assistance. They dress him in

some soft, cotton pants and sit him on a chair and make him wait when Mason comes inside to get Will's paperwork and he's too groggy to appreciate the clothing. The entire process reminds him more and more of adopting a dog at the shelter.

Stuck inside the area between wakefulness and sleep, he doesn't realize how much time passes, and before he knows it he's being pulled into a standing position. He dimly hears Mason tell someone congrats on their new purchase and then Will's being led out of the room on a collar that had been fastened around his neck a moment ago. He follows his new master, keeping his eyes on the ground in front of him. He doesn't think it's odd when the man has him sit in the front seat.

"My name is Hannibal. Do you have a name?" The man, Hannibal, says as he drives.

"Will Graham." Will answers, too tired to say much else. Nobody had asked for his name in weeks, making it almost feel like a foreign language on his tongue.

"I think they gave you a sedative, though not a strong dose since you're still awake." Hannibal says.

"Sounds about right." Will agrees.

"Do you want to know why I chose you?"

"I have a feeling you're going to tell me."

"You've still got some spark in you, I like that." Hannibal observes. "I picked you because you were the only one there who didn't look terrified. In fact, put on display in that cage, you looked resigned to your fate."

"Yeah, well, I'm not. And if I get the chance, I'll kill you." Will says, not caring what the consequences for that sentence might be.

Hannibal only chuckles, thinking he almost doesn't want to kill this one.

Chapter 3

Will is asleep when they arrive at Hannibal's home, so he carries the man inside and places him on the bed. Leaving him to sleep off the effects of the drug in peace. He sits in a chair in the corner of the room and watches Will sleep fitfully, tossing, turning, mumbling, and sweating. The man is going to need a bath when he wakes and Hannibal will have to change the sheets.

When Will wakes two hours later, he shoots up in bed and looks around frantically—trying to remember where he is. Then, seeing Hannibal sitting there, he remembers. He'd been sold in an *auction* and brought home by his new *owner*. He feels a wave of nausea pass over him, and he's not sure if it's because of his situation or because of the drugs they gave him.

"Your sleep seems less than restful." Hannibal observes. "Is it always like that?"

"Yes, even before I was taken." Will answers.

"Hm," Hannibal hums. "You need a shower, wouldn't you agree?"

Will looks down at himself, seeing the slick sheen of sweat on his chest and soaked into his pants, and he nods. He follows Hannibal into the ensuite bathroom and watches silently as Hannibal shows him the towels and the different shower gels and shampoos he has. Then, Hannibal's hands are at his throat and he tries to shrink backwards, but stills when he realizes he's just removing the collar from around his neck. Rubbing the irritated skin, Will listens intently, and is surprised when Hannibal leaves him alone to shower.

"Once you've finished bathing, I'll be in the bedroom waiting for you."

"Okay." Will answers.

This is it. Hannibal is going to fuck him when he gets done with his shower, Will thinks bitterly.

He washes quickly, not wanting to keep Hannibal waiting, though he does take a few minutes to open himself up, not knowing if Hannibal plans to prep him at all. He still feels uneasy touching himself in this way. It had never been something he would do before he was taken, but at the compound, they'd taught him how to prepare himself—since buyers often didn't care to do it.

Sufficiently prepped, he steps out of the shower and dries himself with a towel, leaving it discarded on the floor when he finishes. He notices a pair of underwear and a T-shirt sitting on the sink counter, and wonders if they were meant for him. He doesn't want to assume and get punished for wearing them, so he comes out of the bathroom naked.

Hannibal's eyes widen at the sight of Will coming out completely nude. He can't help himself from looking the man's body over, even down to his recent circumcision and castration. Will

shifts his weight from one foot to the other nervously. He doesn't know why he suddenly feels so exposed, since he'd spent the last 6 weeks naked at all times.

"Where—how do you want me?" Will asks, keeping his eyes pointed at the floor.

"You can sit there on the bed." Hannibal says, though wondering why he hadn't donned the clothes he'd left. *Maybe the man was trained not to wear clothes,* he thinks.

Will complies, sitting on the bed nervously. When Hannibal stands, Will's body begins to shake, tremors spreading from his very soul to the tips of his fingers. As much as he tries to hide it, he's *terrified*. He recalls with nausea the way they had fucked him in the compound and he doesn't know if he can go through it again.

When Hannibal is close enough to touch him, Will closes his eyes and unintentionally holds his breath. He flinches when a hand brushes against his cheekbone. He stills himself as the hand continues to work over his face, even traveling upwards to push his curls off his forehead.

"I left some clothes in the bathroom for you." Hannibal says, making Will open his eyes. "Do you have injuries you'd like me to look at?"

"No—I'm okay." Will answers nervously.

Hannibal purses his lips, as if he doesn't believe him. He touches his hand along Will's neck, down his shoulder and over his chest. Pressing gently as he moves along, and stopping when he sees some bruising on the man's ribs. He moves to the side a bit to get a better look and the sudden movement makes Will flinch—again. Having his body on high alert like this is exhausting and he finds he could already use a nap.

He is okay though, he thinks. Not in bad shape, except for the fact he'd been castrated, which he still often gets angry about. Otherwise, he hadn't been hit often at the compound so only has a few bruises right now. Now, he's still not sure what expect from Hannibal. He only hopes he will be gentle, maybe use lube.

"I don't think your ribs are broken, just bruised." Hannibal says after he finishes palpating them, much to Will's discomfort.

His hand moves south, towards Will's genitals. He takes the small, soft cock in his hand, flipping it up and examining the circumcision scar. Then, he runs his index finger along the castration scar they left Will with. Will can't help but squirm a bit at the touch, waiting for pain to come—though it doesn't. If he hadn't been castrated, he's fairly certain this touching would have made him hard, and the thought alone makes him feel sick.

"Your castration and circumcision look recent. Did they do that to you?" Hannibal asks, but he knows the answer. All of the men he'd bought had been castrated and circumsized if they weren't already when they'd been taken.

"Yes, sir, they did." Will answers quietly, as if shamed of what was done to him.

He finds himself wondering if Hannibal likes that. One less reminder that the person he bought is a man. He shifts uncomfortably on the bed at the idea. *Maybe Hannibal is gay and prefers men*, he thinks.

Hannibal hums in response, looking over the rest of the man with interest. He finds the body modification abhorrent, and wouldn't opt for the men he buys to have it done if he had any say. It's not like it really matters for his purposes, but he finds himself thinking about what Will would look like underneath him. His small cock hard between their bodies as Hannibal fucks him, hitting his prostate with every thrust.

"Do you want to know why I buy men from Mason Verger?"

"If you'd like to tell me." Will replies.

"I buy them to kill them. I don't sleep with them."

"Are you going to kill me?"

"I haven't decided yet, you interest me in a way the others never did."

Will's brows furrow at that, maybe that means Hannibal is going to fuck him. He thinks numbly he'd rather be killed.

"All the other men turned into sniveling, begging, messes when I told them what I planned to do, and yet here you are—calm as ever."

"Death seems better than the alternative." Will answers, because it's true.

Even if he escaped somehow, he'd never really be free. The trauma that he's endured will stick with him, probably for the rest of his life. Not to mention his physical scars and what's been taken from him. He'd always said therapy didn't work on him and there's no reason it would work after this.

"The alternative being sexual slavery?" Hannibal clarifies.

"Yes. You don't know what it's like." Will answers, immediately feeling as if he's said too much.

"I don't. None of the other men I purchased ever said much to me, aside from begging me not to kill them. I never asked about their time at the compound—it didn't seem of import."

Will has well and truly piqued his interest and he wants to know more about him, including how he tastes—though he could satisfy those urges with another man. For now, he's going to let Will live. At any point if he loses interest, he can just revert back to his original plan and kill the man.

"I don't intend to sleep with you, unless of course you want me to, so relax." Hannibal says when Will doesn't respond.

The tremors racking Will's body continue, though as they exist together in silence, his body begins to relax, the tremors slowly decreasing in intensity.

"I don't think I'll ever want to have sex with *anyone* ever again." Will replies once he's relaxed.

"That's a fair response, given your experiences and the lack of testosterone. Many men who are castrated have little to no sexual desire."

Will sighs, feeling tears welling up in his eyes. He's not going to cry—not now.

"Does it bother you?" Hannibal asks, poking further at Will's wounded psyche.

"No longer having a sex drive? The fact my dick has gotten smaller? Or the rapes?" Will answers angrily. *Of course it bothers him*. It all does.

"I'm a psychiatrist, you know. I could help you."

Will laughs at that, "therapy doesn't work on me."

Hannibal expects Will to ask him to let him go, but he doesn't. Hannibal knows who Will Graham is. He's the FBI profiler that went missing 6 weeks ago. He'd known soon after he'd purchased him. For that reason, he can't let him go, in fear of losing his own freedom. He wouldn't do well in a cage, though he could survive. Staying inside his vast mind palace is an easy way to pass the time.

"I suspect you are hungry. Please come downstairs and we can have some dinner." Hannibal says, leaving the conversation about therapy alone for the moment.

Will's stomach growls loudly as if on cue, and he blushes. Catching sight of Will's reddened cheeks, Hannibal is reminded of how attractive this man is. He tells Will to get dressed and meet him downstairs, leaving the man to blush on his own at his loud stomach. He dresses quickly, donning the T-shirt and underwear given to him, wishing he'd been given some pants too, but this is still better than being naked.

"I've prepared a Silke chicken soup this evening, with the assumption you'd need something gentle on the stomach," Hannibal says, placing a warm bowl in front of Will.

"Thank you, this is delicious." Will says, scooping the soup into his mouth.

"Don't eat too quickly, I'd prefer if you didn't throw it up." Hannibal chastises, making Will slow.

Will forces himself to continue eating slowly, but the warm soup settling in his stomach is soothing. The food they'd fed him in the compound was terrible, usually consisting of stale bread, and some kind of cold, canned chicken. At times, Will wondered if the meat was actually cat food, though he stayed so hungry there he didn't much care.

After eating, with his stomach full for the first time in ages, Will feels an overpowering need to *thank* Hannibal. He'd been taught at the compound to be gracious anytime his master

would feed him or give him anything nice. Generally the best way to thank them was to give them a blow job willingly, making his master think he wants to do it. Often times, those who buy sex slaves don't like to be reminded that their new partners are unwilling. But some especially sadistic men do like to know they're unwilling—it gets them off. Will shudders at the memory, being told how to best be *raped* to not exacerbate or cause more damage than necessary.

"I have some paperwork to finish in my study, would you care to join me?" Hannibal asks after clearing the table.

"Sure." Will responds, wondering if Hannibal would even take no for an answer.

Hannibal sits at his desk, working on his paperwork and organizing his patient notes, as Will stands awkwardly in the door. Hannibal motions for him to come closer, so Will does. He gets really close to the sitting man and drops to his knees. He scoots himself in between Hannibal's open legs and begins palming at his cock.

"What—ah, what are you doing?" Hannibal asks, looking down at the man between his legs.

"I want to thank you for the food. It was delicious." Will answers, voice cracking and giving away the fact he actually does *not* want to be doing this.

"A simple 'thank you' is sufficient, Will."

Will backs away from Hannibal's crotch, resting on the backs of his calves. He knows that's how he'd thank Hannibal for dinner if he were still a free person, if he were still Will Graham, FBI profiler. Now, that part of him is gone, buried somewhere deep inside. What he does now is best described as acts of self preservation.

Hannibal realizes now that he is going to have to teach Will how to be a functioning person once again. First, he wants to know more about who Will Graham was before he was taken. He could ask the man, and he plans to, but for now, he intends to do his own research.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the embarrassment of trying to blow Hannibal as a thank you for dinner, Will sequesters himself in the bedroom that was deemed his. There's a lock on the outside of the door, but he doesn't mind much, since there's an actual *bed* and an ensuite. Hannibal doesn't push him to interact, and doesn't seem irritated when he continually shuts down any therapy Hannibal tries with him.

A few days later, Hannibal unlocks his door and comes inside, something he doesn't usually do, since he likes to give Will his own space. The man is asleep, clothes drenched in sweat, hands gripping the sheets, and soft whines escaping his throat. One of his many nightmares. Hannibal watches for a moment before pulling the blankets off his sleeping form and shaking his shoulder.

"Get up," Hannibal says, tone not inviting argument.

Will groans, sitting up in bed and looking down at himself. His night sweats so severe he drenches the bed almost every night. Sometimes, it's so *wet,* he thinks he might have wet the bed, but as of yet, he hasn't—which he considers a small mercy. Everything about himself seems to garner new feelings of shame and guilt, he doesn't need to lose control of his bodily functions too.

"I bought you some clothing so you can stop wearing mine." Hannibal says, gesturing to the boxes by Will's door. "Please try them on and let me know what doesn't fit."

Will nods, getting out of bed and pads over to the boxes. He rifles through them, surprised to see clothing he'd have chosen for himself before he was taken. There are a couple pairs of slacks, a pair of jeans, some T-shirts, some pajama bottoms, and a few flannel shirts. There are socks and boxers, too.

Hannibal is still in the room, watching him go through the box, and is almost surprised when Will starts stripping off the clothes he's wearing. He takes his shirt off, and the too large cotton sleep pants he'd borrowed from Hannibal, allowing them to pile on the floor. He leaves the borrowed underwear on, and starts trying on the shirts.

Surprisingly (or not), everything fits well enough on his thin frame. Will almost forgets that Hannibal is in the room as he looks over himself, touching the clothes with his palms before taking them off again, placing them in the pile with his sweaty clothes. He picks them all up and puts them in the clothes hamper by his door.

"You should probably take that underwear off, too. You sweat an awful lot while you sleep." Hannibal says.

Will hums in response, hooking his thumbs into the waistband but hesitates. Hannibal hadn't seen him naked since the night he arrived, and he's not sure he wants him too, now. That night he was still dealing with the side effects of being drugged and had been so used to his own nakedness, he didn't think much of it. But now, with having been clothed for a few days, the idea of being entirely naked again makes him nervous. He doesn't like to look at his body, and he's sure Hannibal doesn't either.

The scars aren't that bad, but everything below the belt looks so foreign to him, now. He prefers not to look at it, to pretend everything is as it was. Being naked in front of Hannibal means once again having to acknowledge what was done to him.

Hannibal has been oddly kind to him since he arrived, and he worries—somewhere deep in his mind—that Hannibal will realize he hates how Will looks and will decide to kill him, or worse, take him back to the compound. He begins to hyperventilate, unable to keep his thoughts from turning dark. He'd rather *die* than go back there.

"Will, stay with me. Do't go inside." Hannibal says.

"I'm already there," Will whines in reply.

Speaking to Hannibal works to snap him out of the panic attack that was forming, and he stumbles to quickly pull the underwear down his legs. And as he regains his balance, he realizes he's *angry*. Angry at Hannibal. *Why had the man insisted he strip in front of him if he doesn't intend to use him?*

"What do you want with me?" Will questions, now entirely nude. "Do you want to fuck me now?"

"No." *But he does*. Will is extremely attractive and while he won't admit it to the man, he's thought of fucking him many times.

Instead, the purpose of this exercise is to make Will confront what was done to him, now that his body is not riddled with cortisone and adrenaline trying to keep him alive and out of danger.

"The sooner you acknowledge your trauma, the sooner you can move past it." Hannibal says. "A large part of your trauma involves the changes they made to your body. I'd argue it's a deeper violation than the assaults."

Will agrees. His nightmares involve the surgery more often than they involve the rapes. Sometimes, the dreams differ from reality and Cordell goes further by removing his penis as well. He panics when he wakes from those dreams, hands grasping at his dick, feeling it still there only with a phantom pain lingering from the nightmare. When he wakes and sees it's still there, the relief is short lived. Sure, he still has his dick, but what good is it without testosterone? He doesn't even get morning wood anymore.

Will sits on the bed, mulling over his options. He could take to Hannibal now, or continue shutting him out and risk the chance he will tire of the games. He shifts uncomfortably, and forces himself to meet Hannibal's gaze.

Before he was taken, he'd have thought a man like Hannibal was attractive and hell, he'd have probably jerked off the thought of being fucked by him. Now, he feels nothing. He can appreciate that Hannibal is good looking, but there's no arousal there. Sometimes the lack of arousal frustrates him. Wishing he could get uncomfortable boners and then hurriedly jerk off in the bathroom like a teenager. He'd have laughed if someone had told him he'd miss that a couple years ago.

It's not even that his dick doesn't work entirely, it just requires direct and sustained stimulation to get hard. He'd actually tried the day after he'd arrived at Hannibal's—just to see if he could do it. But he'd had to stop because feeling his own hands on his body, and his cock slowly hardening made him think of the trainers at the compound and how they'd forced orgasms from him. He'd stopped after that, pulling his hands away like they'd been burned. He hasn't tried again.

"I don't feel like a man anymore." Will says solemnly.

"The presence of testosterone doesn't decide that for you, only you do." Hannibal replies.

"I never thought I'd miss waking up with morning wood." Will laughs dryly.

Hannibal intends to offer to get Will testosterone injections, but he wants to wait until Will has really begun to process his trauma. He thinks they may have made large strides today.

"You feel emasculated?" Hannibal asks.

"I—yeah. Sometimes in my nightmares, they've just taken my entire dick along with everything else." Will admits. "Sometimes it feels like they should have. It's not really like it's mine anymore. It looks so *different*."

"I imagine going from normal anatomy to a complete lack of a scrotum and foreskin is quite shocking."

"It's also, uh, it's not like it was big before, but now it's even smaller." Will adds sheepishly.

"Perhaps some of the perceived size loss is due to the removal of the foreskin. No longer having it there can make the penis appear to have less 'bulk'." Hannibal says, though he can tell by looking at Will's penis that it's gotten smaller, with the subtle anatomical changes he can see.

"Maybe. I haven't even begun to process the fact I've been circumsized. It seems less detrimental to my overall health, and of course I know a lot of men are circumsized, so it's a bit easier to deal with." Will says.

"For what it's worth, and it might not be worth anything, I think you look lovely. The scarring is there as a reminder of what you've survived and you are still just as much of a man as you were before—I'm sure of it." Hannibal says, trying to give Will some words of comfort.

He catches a tiny smile flash across Will's face at the compliment, so fleeting he's not sure it was ever really there. He'd worried Will would be upset at the sexual nature of his comment, but to his surprise he was not. Perhaps he isn't as broken as Hannibal was led to believe.

Chapter End Notes

I don't want to have to explain my google search history to anyone, ever. Not even just for this fic, but most of my others as well.

Chapter 5

Over the next week, Will spends less and less time in his bedroom. Though, during the day when Hannibal works, he has no choice but to stay in his room since the door is locked. But afterwards, he often seeks out Hannibal's company and will gladly sit with him in his office in the evenings. He's not sure if it's because he's growing to like his captor, or if it's out of sheer loneliness, but decides it doesn't much matter.

"I'd like to go outside." Will says one evening.

"Soon, we can. Most people have moved on to the next big story—they're not looking for you anymore." Hannibal replies.

He'd been keeping an eye on the news for updates on Will, and had begun to notice them tapering off and nothing at all has been posted in the last 3 days. It seems the world is moving on from the missing FBI profiler. Soon, he suspects they'll be able to venture out in public, especially since he's not very close to Quantico nor to where Will was last seen.

Will doesn't know if Hannibal said that with an intention to hurt him, but it does all the same. Nobody's looking for him, not anymore. Is he truly that forgettable? Has Jack assumed he's dead? What about Alana? Where did his dogs end up? *Oh, god, he misses Winston.*

"Will?" Hannibal says.

"I—nobody's looking for me?" Will asks pathetically.

"They were, but it's been so long, everyone is moving on." Hannibal replies, not intending to sugarcoat anything. He knows the revelation is a painful one.

Hannibal stands, making his way over to where Will is sitting. His large hand strokes Will's jaw, feeling the smooth skin there. He used to have facial hair, he'd told Hannibal. Though now, he only has a few small hairs growing from the area.

Will leans into the touch, finding it doesn't repulse him as much as it had in the past. For a while, just the thought of Hannibal's hands on him in any way made him want to vomit. He stands abruptly and wraps his arms around Hannibal's torso in a hug. Confused, it takes Hannibal a moment to realize what's happening before he hugs back. Hannibal holds him, cupping the back of his head and pressing Will's face into his chest.

Surprisingly, the close, prolonged contact with Hannibal makes him feel a tiny spark of arousal. So fleeting, he almost doesn't believe it was there. But it makes sense, since Hannibal *is* attractive, and he isn't completely devoid of testosterone. Other organs produce the hormone. While he felt the arousal in his belly, it doesn't translate to his cock, still lying flaccid between his legs. For a moment, he wishes he could still get an embarrassing erection.

When Will loosens his grip and they break the hug, he looks up into Hannibal's eyes, longer than he ever has and then kisses him. He likes the feeling of Hannibal's lips against his own,

and he doesn't mind when a searching tongue explores his mouth. He moans into the kiss, more out of habit than any real arousal. Though the moan serves to excite Hannibal and his erection is evident and pressing against Will's own abdomen.

Hannibal's hand trails down his body, only to find his cock soft. He'd momentarily forgotten Will's… *issue*. Though he can't help squeezing and palming at the flaccid organ.

"If you… ah, keep touching it—it'll get hard," Will says, unsure if he's really inviting Hannibal to do so, or just submitting as he was trained in the compound.

He really shouldn't be allowing Hannibal to touch him like this. He's being kept prisoner, he reminds himself. He was auctioned and purchased like livestock and Hannibal was there to buy him. Although Will believed him when he said he buys people to kill them, not to fuck them. The situation is still all kinds of fucked up.

Hannibal stops his ministrations, correctly reading Will's ambivalence. Will looks up at him with a frown. He'd steeled himself to allow Hannibal to touch him—however he wished to. And now, Hannibal has stopped. Maybe he does find Will disgusting, despite what he's said in the past.

"You don't have to stop. I was okay." Will says quietly.

"I know, but I don't want you to simply be 'okay', I want you to enjoy it." Hannibal replies.

"I—I don't think I can. Things just don't work the way they used to."

"Would you want it to?"

"I mean—yeah, of course." Will replies, brows furrowed.

"I could start you on testosterone injections. You'd be able to live almost normally with them."

"You'd do that?" Will asks.

"Of course. I abhor the modifications they do to the men in their care. Anything like that should be *your* decision alone."

It's decided. Tomorrow Hannibal will write a prescription for testosterone and begin Will's injections. He's practically giddy for the rest of the evening, even finding it difficult to fall asleep.

The next morning, Will paces his room waiting for Hannibal's return. He takes a shower, tries to read a book, and then attempts to organize his closet a little. His ears listen for the front door opening, which he can't hear usually, but convinces himself he can hear it today. He's incorrect though, having convinced himself he'd heard the door open no less than four times.

Finally, Hannibal is home. He makes his way up the stairs to Will's bedroom and unlocks the door. He's not surprised to see Will waiting like an obedient dog for him to come home.

Usually Will is in his bed, either reading or napping. He knows it must get boring in there during the day and vows to get Will some more things to help pass the time.

Coming inside and placing his bag on the bed, he prepares the first injection as Will watching intently. Hannibal may be just as excited as Will is. He's interested to see how Will changes on testosterone, since he'd never gotten the opportunity to meet him before everything had happened. He wants to see Will's muscle tone increase and his facial hair grow back in, though he knows it will take time. Another part of him is interested to see how Will behaves when his sexual urges come back, if they even do.

With Will's deeply traumatized mind, he might find he still struggles with sexual dysfunction even after everything should be working properly. He hopes not, since Will overall, seems resilient. He's already gotten better in the short time he's been here. Perhaps he'll be more like his old self than they expect.

"This injection is best given in the gluteal muscle." Hannibal says.

"My ass? Just say my ass." Will replies, unbuttoning his jeans and pulling the down to expose the muscle there.

Hannibal doesn't really need to touch his ass as much as he is, but nonetheless, he finds himself spreading his palm against the flesh there. He reminds himself not to squeeze, but *oh*, he wants to. The skin is soft, free of blemishes and looks good enough to eat. Will, pants down around his ankles now, leaning over his bed, looks so wonderful. He wouldn't even have time to react if Hannibal suddenly spread his cheeks and buried his tongue inside his hole.

"Um, Hannibal?" Will squeaks out.

"Sorry, I got… distracted. I'm going to give you the injection now."

Will is about to reply when he feels the sting of the needle. Hissing in pain, it's almost humorous that this hurts after the abuse he'd suffered, but it does. Even worse than an antibiotic injection he'd received in the same area when he was younger. But, it's over in only a few seconds.

"Done." Hannibal announces, allowing Will to immediately pull his pants back up.

"Wanna tell me what you were doing back there before you gave me the injection?" Will asks, smirking.

"You have a nice… ass." Hannibal says, though he internally cringes at the use of the word '*ass*'.

Will's laughter is like music to Hannibal's ears. He's in a better mood than he's been in since he arrived.

"You said ass!" He laughs, "I didn't even think you'd have such *crass* language in your vocabulary."

Hannibal smiles and chuckles at it, too. Seeing Will like this, face relaxed into a smile, eyes bright and meeting his own, he sees how much potential the man in front of him has. He tells Will that they'll start with injections twice a week and go from there. He advises Will to be patient and that the changes can take some time to happen—sometimes 6 weeks or more. Will understands, but he is impatient and hopes it'll work faster for him.

Over the following two weeks, he doesn't notice much of a change in himself much to his disappointment. He thinks he might be seeing some more facial hair grow in, but it's hard to tell since he spends more time than he wants to admit staring at himself in the mirror. Oddly enough, he doesn't spend much time hatching an escape plan. Though Hannibal has been kind to him, he shouldn't be feeling like this with his captor. *It must be Stockholm syndrome*, he thinks.

One morning, as Hannibal is arriving to his office for the day, he's surprised by a familiar face.

"Margot," He greets. "We don't have an appointment scheduled for today."

"I know, but I was hoping you could fit me in, Doctor Lecter." She responds.

He agrees, having almost an hour before his first patient of the day is scheduled to arrive. He takes her through the waiting room and straight back into his office. She sits in the chair across from his and waits for him to pull out his patient notes.

"What seems to be troubling you today, Margot?"

"It's… Will Graham. I know you bought him." She says.

It isn't a revelation. Margot is how he'd incidentally found out about Mason's operation. She'd been seeing him for therapy to deal with her brother's abuse, and when he'd suggested that killing him would be therapeutic, she broke—and told him everything. He'd decided to attend one of the auctions to see it for himself, and there, although he hadn't planned on it, he purchased his first victim.

He finds himself merciful in a way, putting those men out of their misery. Most of them had no lives to return to had they escaped, and if they'd ended up purchased by someone else, he imagines their lives would be filled with years of pain and suffering. He hates giving Mason his money, but it's a surprisingly efficient way to satiate his desires. The risk of being caught is virtually zero, and he appreciates not having to worry so much about it. In fact, he feels he's taking more risk than ever before by buying Will Graham and keeping him alive.

"I did, yes." He finally responds to her statement.

"Did you kill him?" She asks.

"No, I did not. He's… different. Interesting." Hannibal says.

"Good… that's good. I hated thinking you bought him just to kill him. I liked him. Wished I could help him."

“Is that so?” Hannibal inquires. “Perhaps he’d be up for a visitor soon.”

“Is he… are you using him…?”

“Am I having sex with him?” Hannibal clarifies. “No. And I won’t until he wishes to.”

“And what if he never wants to?”

“Then we will never have sex.” Hannibal replies. “But I can’t imagine you came all this way just to ask about Will. Tell me, is something else bothering you?”

It turns out something else *is* bothering Margot.

“Mason has escalated, now he takes both men and women, some girls are as young as 8. I have to do something.” She says.

“You need to keep yourself safe. That is what is most important, Margot.”

“I’ll *never* be safe as long as he’s still alive!”

And there it is. She wishes her brother was dead, though if it’s more because the abuse she suffered at his hands, or the people who are suffering now, he’s not sure. Knowing now that Mason is abducting children to sell into sex slavery, Hannibal wonders if he’d be better off dead, too. He could find a new way to choose his victims. Perhaps Margot can be persuaded to kill Mason herself, since she likely has the best access to him.

Chapter 6

It takes three weeks, *only three weeks*, for Will to wake up with morning wood. The sensation makes him laugh, and then—because he can, he slides his boxers down and takes himself in his hand. He'd never have thought feeling his own erection would be such a euphoric experience. He begins jerking himself off, moaning quietly at the sensation. It's different, not having his foreskin to aide in the process, and he wishes he had some lube.

He's startled by a knock on the door and the lock disengaging. He should have realized Hannibal would be coming up to his room soon. It's then that he worries that maybe Hannibal doesn't want him touching himself. He's still not sure what exactly his role is here. Maybe the testosterone is Hannibal's way of saying he'd like to use him. His mouth goes dry at the thought. *If he finds him touching himself, what if he punishes him? How would he even punish him? Take away the testosterone?* His mind would easily spiral with this train of thought and he works to push it aside.

He quickly pulls his hand away from his cock and yanks the boxers back up. He sits up in bed, the blanket draped over his erection, looking at the door when Hannibal opens it.

"Good morning," Will says, cheeks flushed. He feels like a teenager who had just been walked in on by his parents, though his embarrassment is also tinged with shame—and fear.

Hannibal's nose picks up on a new scent in Will's room. What he can only assume is arousal. He's pleased to know the testosterone is working. He feels guilty, having most likely interrupted something, but decides to toy with Will a little.

"You look like you were in the middle of something. Have I interrupted you?"

"What? Um, no." Will replies, knowing immediately that he's a terrible liar.

"Well, get up then. Breakfast is ready." Hannibal says, not taking his eyes off the man.

"Great… uh, do you mind?" Will says when Hannibal doesn't turn around.

"Are you suddenly shy?" Hannibal inquires.

"No… I just," Will sighs, pulling the blanket off himself, unable to conceal his now flagging erection.

Hannibal sees it and wonders if Will was masturbating when he knocked. He likely was, since the aroma of arousal was evident in the room. He doesn't mention it to Will, who turns away and dresses more quickly than usual.

"So… what's for breakfast?" Will asks.

"A simple protein scramble. I didn't want to do anything extravagant today." Hannibal answers. *He needs more meat*, he thinks but doesn't say.

They eat quietly, sitting across from one another. Will glancing up every so often to look at Hannibal. Anytime he thinks of being walked in on earlier, he blushes. He should ask Hannibal about it. See if it's okay for him to do that. But at the same time, he really doesn't want to bring it up. He decides, for now, he'll leave the subject alone and he won't touch himself. He's probably not ready for that, anyway.

He knows he likely has some PTSD—but to what extent, he's unsure. He has nightmares, and occasional flashbacks. He gets nervous sometimes and doesn't even know why. It isn't something he'd ever dealt with before being taken.

"I do not have any patients today, so today is yours and mine." Hannibal says, smiling.

"Oh, that's great." Will says.

"I thought we could go for a walk today."

"I'd love to." Will says excitedly.

Being outside is lovely. It makes him forget some of his problems. For a moment, he even forgets there's anything wrong with him at all. They walk down the street to a cafe. Hannibal finds them a seat and then goes to order them both some coffee. Will is all but basking in the sunlight. It feels like it's been years since he was outside, and he never realized how much he truly missed it. He thinks about fishing. He'd like to do that again, too.

He people watches, and even sees a lovely golden retriever pass by. The dog walks up to him, wagging its tail. He asks the woman walking the dog if he may pet it. She says yes and he scratches it behind the ears. He smiles brightly at the dog, who licks his hand before trotting away.

He considers that he could have told the woman he needed help, and she probably would have tried to help him. He wonders what must be wrong with him that the thought didn't even cross his mind. Though, with Hannibal, he doesn't think of himself as in captivity—at least not in the way he was. *Definitely Stockholm syndrome*, he says to himself. He's not stupid, but allowing himself to find a modicum of happiness in his new life is the key to getting through it. There's no point in wallowing in misery when he could be more content.

"I pet a dog." Will says, grinning when Hannibal returns.

"I saw. Did you talk about anything else with that woman?" Hannibal replies.

"No… I didn't even think about it, to be honest." Will admits, looking down. He's honestly ashamed of himself for not even *trying* to earn his freedom.

"Good boy."

Will practically keens at the praise. He wants to be good. He can be good for Hannibal. He feels honored that Hannibal trusted him enough to not only let him outside, but let him walk down the street to a cafe… around real people!

On their walk home, he thinks about how it's almost disappointing that nobody milling about paid even a little bit of attention to him. It seems the world really has moved on from looking for a missing Will Graham. He'd even accidentally bumped into someone, and they looked right at his face, but there was no recognition there.

Once home, Will feels exhausted. Going out is tiring, he decides. Especially since it's been a long time since he's done it. What he would give for a trip to the grocery store, he thinks.

Sitting in the living room with Hannibal, he brings a book downstairs and reads. They exist together, silently for a while. Hannibal occasionally looking up from his own book to take in Will's features. He certainly looks a bit more masculine now, and the facial hair is growing in well. He'll need to shave soon, Hannibal muses.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asks. A question he asks often, usually in relation to the testosterone injections.

"Good… it's good." Will answers. "Things seem to be a lot more… normal for me now."

Will thinks about his morning wood, and the aborted masturbation attempt. He'd really like to try again, and feels like if he even thinks about it, he'll get hard. It's like being a teenager again. If he were to masturbate again, he'd like to get some lube. Really the only way to do that would be to ask Hannibal, and he's definitely not going to do that. *No way.*

"Do you think the dosage is right for you?" Hannibal inquires further.

"Yeah… I think so, but it's only been a few weeks." Will answers.

"You'll need to shave soon, I think."

Will brings his hand up to ghost over his own facial hair before replying, "I don't think I want to… not yet, anyway."

He likes having the hair. It had never seemed that important before—he often had it closely shaved, never allowing it to grow to any real lengths. Now, he feels as if he'd be doing himself a disservice by shaving it. He doesn't want to look younger. He wants *all* of his years to show.

"I won't have you scruffy in my house." Hannibal says, the words coming out harsher than he'd meant them to be.

"I—you're right, I'm sorry." Will says pathetically. "I'm pretty tired. Do you mind if I head up to bed?"

Hannibal wants to say he does mind, to tell Will to stay. He knows the man would obey and for that reason, he says nothing. Yes, he is technically holding Will captive but he doesn't have to strip him of all his dignity. It's interesting just *how much* he doesn't want Will to dislike him.

"Goodnight, Will." He says, allowing the man to leave.

Will doesn't respond. He knows he's acting like a petulant child, but he can't help it. Sometimes it feels as if his emotions aren't his own. He reacts to things more intensely than he ever did before, like his skin is flayed and his nerves are exposed. A tight squeezing pain grips his heart when he thinks he's so much as upset Hannibal. If he allowed it, most things would have him tearing up, but he works diligently to keep the strong emotions at bay.

He prefers feeling angry, and while that has become more prevalent now that he's on testosterone, he still feels despair, frustration, and shame more than anything else. Inside his bedroom, he sits on his bed belatedly realizing he isn't at all tired, and he'd left his book downstairs. He sighs, unsure of what to do. He does need to take a shower, he thinks.

As he's pulling out a change of clothes, he hears the tell-tale sound of the lock on his door engaging, signaling that Hannibal is going to bed. He feels almost remorseful, as if he wants to knock on his door, beg for Hannibal to come inside and apologize. To grovel at his feet like a good little servant. He sighs, and goes to shower instead of entertaining the pathetic thought further.

He strips himself of his clothing and steps under the warm spray. He relishes the warm water hitting his skin, having gone without regular showers in the compound. He values them as a luxury now, treating every one like it could be his last. Usually when he showers, he avoids his cock, and the scar beneath it. He never liked being reminded of how he's now incomplete.

But now, his touches linger longer, and he takes himself in his hand, his cock immediately hardening. He doesn't want to examine the fact that it's Hannibal he thinks about as his hand begins stroking his cock slowly. The sensation feels… weird. Probably due not only to his lack of foreskin, but also the fact it's been so long since he's touched himself in this way (aside from his brief attempt this morning). His strokes become more erratic, and his hold becomes tighter. His hips begin thrusting into his hand of their own accord. Biting his lip to stifle a moan, he feels like he is right on the edge of orgasm, but it doesn't come. He doesn't *come*.

Eventually, his hand begins to ache and his cock gets sore, but he keeps going. The pain reminds him of his time in the compound, during one of the orgasms they'd ripped from his body.

"Make him come," One trainer says, watching the scene in front of him.

There's a trainer using his ass, and he snaked his hand around and grasps at Will's soft cock, urging it to hardness. It takes a few minutes of direct stimulation and thrusts directed at his prostate for his body to respond. He sobs at the feeling—the feeling of his cock hardening, the feeling of pleasure he doesn't want. He sobs for a body that'll never be his own again. The trainer thrusts deeply, consistently hitting his prostate and jerking him off at the same time.

"Make him beg for it." The observing trainer adds.

The trainer fucking him leaves Will on the edge for what feels like forever. Strapped down, forced on all fours, his entire body is racked with tremors. He sobs continuously, refusing to do what the trainer asked. He's not going to beg for release from his captors, he can't.

He soon finds out he's wrong. The constant stimulation becomes painful, and then they stop as soon as he thinks he might come. It's driving him to madness, and his sobs devolve into pleas. He wants it to be over, to have it stop. He no longer cares that he's begging to come, that it sounds like he wants what's happening. They make him beg and beg before they allow him release. He comes, sobbing once more because his release isn't pleasurable at all. The feeling borders on painful, and he wonders if it's because of his situation or his castration. He doesn't know and doesn't care because he blacks out.

He comes to, in front of his now shattered mirror, his hand bloody. He doesn't know why or how he shattered his mirror. But he can feel the tears rolling down his face. He knows he had a flashback, but they've never been *violent* before. His hand probably needs stitches, but before he can think about anything else, he hears his bedroom door open and Hannibal walking inside.

He doesn't knock when he opens the bathroom door. He finds Will, standing there naked, the mirror broken and blood dripping from his hand onto the white tile floor. Will looks over at Hannibal, eyes full of confusion.

"I don't… I don't know what happened." Will whispers.

"Did you lose time?" Hannibal asks.

"I don't think so. It was a—a flashback."

Hannibal looks him over, a pensive expression on his face. Will suddenly remembers his nakedness and wants to cover himself up more than anything.

"Pants… can you hand me my pants?" Will asks, voice breaking.

Hannibal hands them over, watching Will put them on shakily and unintentionally bleeding on them. He then looks at Will's hand. There's a sizable gash that requires stitches, so he needs to get his kit.

"Do you wish to harm yourself, Will?"

"No!" He answers quickly. He doesn't know why he'd hurt himself earlier.

For tonight, I'd like to give you a sedative. I'll place the stitches once you're asleep.

"Do you have to put me under? I don't like it. Nothing good ever happens as a result."

"The alternative is I restrain you, and I imagine that wouldn't go well either. You have my word that I will only place the stitches and leave you to sleep undisturbed."

Will definitely doesn't want to be restrained. That might be even worse than a sedative, recalling how he was strapped down and operated on in the compound. It was far and away the worst day of his life, so he agrees to the sedative. He watches Hannibal prepare the medication and then inject it into his arm. It takes only seconds for unconsciousness to find him.

Chapter 7

With Will now unconscious, Hannibal gets a better look at his hand. It's not too bad, the cut only needing 3 stitches. He cleans the wound, rinsing it with antiseptic and preparing the area for stitches. Will groans and moves a bit at the sting of the first stitch, but stills again soon after. His face is lax, no pain, no trauma evident. He looks younger like this, and Hannibal resists the urge to reach up and touch his face.

He considers briefly, shaving the man while he's asleep, but fear he would be overstepping some boundaries touching Will in that way while he's unconscious. He'd also expressed a reluctance in shaving, some experience from the compound, Hannibal's sure. He'd seen photos of Will from before and he usually had a close shave, only stubble evident in many photos. He'd looked a bit scruffier when he'd been imprisoned at the BSHCI, but he imagines it isn't easy to keep up with grooming when behind bars.

He'd known the kinds of clothing to buy for Will from his research, going by what Will had often worn before he was taken at crime scenes. He has Freddie Lounds from Tattle Crime to thank for the copious amount of photos, though he finds her distasteful. Proclaiming at every opportunity that Will was unstable, or crazy. Lounds is downright *rude* , he decides.

He'll have to talk with Will when he wakes, to try and persuade him to shave. Though he supposes it isn't the end of the world if Will wants to grow out his facial hair a bit. More importantly, they need to discuss what led to Will's injury. If his flashbacks are causing violent outbursts, they need to be dealt with. Decisions made, he leaves Will to sleep off the sedative, and to try and get a few hours of rest for himself.

He falls asleep, thinking of the unconscious man locked in his guest bedroom. He wakes and heads back into Will's room that morning. He hasn't woken up yet, still sprawled out on his bed, snoring. Hannibal watches him for a while, until he begins to stir.

Will opens his eyes blearily. His head hurts and his mouth is dry, not unlike the way he'd felt when he'd first woken up at the compound. The memory makes his stomach turn sour, and if he'd had anything in it, he might have vomited. He belatedly realizes Hannibal is in the room, watching him.

"Good morning, Will."

"Morning. My head is killing me." Will replies.

Hannibal hands him a glass of water and three aspirin, he takes them and downs them immediately. Getting out of bed, he fishes out a shirt from his dresser, waiting for Hannibal to say whatever it is he wants to say. Sitting back on the edge of the bed, he looks at Hannibal expectantly.

"We must discuss what happened last night. You could have seriously injured yourself." Hannibal begins.

Will looks away, biting his lip, “I told you, it was a flashback.”

“I know, but I need to know what it is and why it occurred. We need to prevent these kinds of flashbacks.” Hannibal implores.

“You’re not going to leave me alone until I tell you, are you?” Will asks.

“I have all day. I cancelled all of my appointments.”

“Fuck, okay.” He says, placing his head in his hands.

He recounts getting in the shower, and then, how he’d tried to masturbate.

“It started to… hurt. But I thought I was *close* , you know? So I kept going.”

Hannibal nods, listening intently, face carefully neutral.

“I guess it was the mix of pain, frustration, and pleasure that caused the flashback.”

“I see. Tell me about the flashback.”

So Will does. Every detail he recalls. All the way up to the forced orgasm they’d ripped from him.

“I thought it’d be easy since I’ve been on the testosterone, but it wasn’t.”

“Impotence can persist, even when some sexual function returns. I imagine it was also an adjustment trying it after circumcision as well.” Hannibal says, sounding too much like a doctor for Will’s taste.

“It was. When I’d tried earlier in the morning, I was thinking I needed to get some lube—but realized I couldn’t exactly just walk down the street to the supermarket to get it.” Will admits, shame painting his cheeks pink.

“So *that’s* what you were doing when I came to get you for breakfast. I was hoping you’d regain those urges soon.”

“I tried to hide it, I didn’t know if you’d allow me to do that once you knew I could.” He says sheepishly.

“Have I ever given you the impression I care how you touch yourself?”

“Honestly? Yes. You want me to shave, plus you did *purchase* me. You could change your mind at any time and I’d have to obey.”

Hannibal hadn’t given that much thought. It must be stressful living here, being owned, knowing he could change his mind at any time. He could decide to make Will into a sex slave once again, to use him like a fuck toy whenever he pleases. Though Will wouldn’t believe him, that doesn’t interest him. When he takes a sexual partner, he wants them to be consenting *and* enjoying themselves.

“I did not consider how that fact might be stressful for you. I’m not sure how to show you I won’t do that. You’ll just have to trust me.”

“It’s hard for me to trust. It was hard before, and seems almost impossible now. I still feel like someone is out to hurt me.” Will admits.

It isn’t Hannibal in his nightmares, it’s the many faces from the compound. The people who mutilated him and assaulted him. The room where he was shuffled into a small cage and put on display for rich, depraved assholes to examine like livestock. Living there for the weeks that he did, his body quickly learned it needed to be on guard 24/7, and it still feels as if it needs to be now. Though in his time here with Hannibal, the man hasn’t harmed him—hasn’t even fucked him. He only wound was self inflected. He almost feels *guilty* for not trusting Hannibal. In a way, Hannibal saved him. He shudders to think about where he might’ve ended up had Hannibal not bought him.

Will goes so far into his own head, he doesn’t hear Hannibal trying to get his attention. Eventually, he’s shaken out of his spiral by a firm hand on his shoulder. He looks up at Hannibal, realizing he’d dissociated again. Worrying briefly that Hannibal is upset, he begins to apologize, but stops himself. He doesn’t need to apologize for losing focus. The hand on his shoulder is still there, almost rubbing now.

“You are quite tense, Will.” Hannibal observes.

“I’m always tense. I’m convinced my muscles don’t even know how to relax anymore.”

“Perhaps I can assist in loosening you up?” Hannibal says.

Will blushes at his wording. He’s fairly certain he didn’t mean it with any sexual connotations, but perhaps he did. Especially now that he knows Will has regained his interest in sex.

“I… sure, yeah.” Will answers, still not entirely certain what Hannibal means.

“Great, I’ll be right back.” Hannibal replies with a smile.

He leaves the room, going to his own bedroom to procure two items; massage oil and personal lubricant. He doesn’t intend to use the lubricant with Will, but to leave it in the room for him to use as he desires.

Waiting for Hannibal to get back, Will’s mind takes him to all sorts of dark places. Despite knowing Hannibal has never hurt him, he still worries that he is going to come back into the room and demand him to present on all fours on the bed. Maybe he thinks if he fucks Will hard enough, his muscles will relax. He supposes it’s possible, since he’s lost consciousness before. He can’t be for sure, but he assumes his muscles must relax once he’s unconscious.

Instead of rushing to the bathroom, to try and open himself up, or undressing, he forces himself to sit and wait. Nervously twiddling his thumbs, reminding himself Hannibal isn’t going to hurt him. *Maybe sex with him wouldn’t even be that bad*, he thinks.

The first thing he sees when Hannibal returns is the lubricant in his hand. At the sight, his heart speeds up and he feels like he might pass out. Not in arousal, but in terror. Unconsciously, he backs up on the bed to be further away from his soon to be assailant.

Against his better judgement, he whimpers, "I—I'm not ready for that. *Please don't* ."

"Don't—" Hannibal begins to question, then looks down at his hand to see the clearly labeled lubricant. "Ah, I wasn't going to use this on you… no, that sounds worse. This is for you—for you to use on your own."

He sets the tube on the bedside table and shows Will the other bottle.

"Massage oil. I'd like to give you a massage." Hannibal says.

"Oh… I guess that'd be okay." Will replies, scooting closer to him.

He's never had a massage before—oddly enough. Though, he'd never sought them out, since too much physical contact could often leave him overstimulated and anxious. This feels like it might be different now, here with Hannibal.

"Take your shirt off and lie on your stomach, please." Hannibal instructs.

Will does as he is told, constantly reminding his anxious body that this is alright, nobody is going to hurt him.

"If at any point you'd like me to stop, just tell me and I will." Hannibal says, getting on the bed.

Will nods his understanding, and gasps in surprise when Hannibal swings a leg over Will and straddles the backs of his thighs. As he's never had a massage before, he has no idea what to expect. He lies there, silent and unmoving as he hears the liquid pour onto Hannibal's hands and then once the oil is warm, his hands are on Will's back.

He starts gently, carefully kneading along Will's shoulders and upper back, eliciting soft gasps from Will. As Will begins to relax, he increases the pressure of the massage, working his thumbs into the muscles along Will's neck and all the way down to the cleft of his ass. He smirks at the moans coming from the man beneath him, and continues working his hands into to knots littering Will's muscles.

"Ouch!" Will yelps as Hannibal works out a particularly stubborn one.

His pained yelp turns back into moans after a moment. He hadn't even had time to tell Hannibal to stop, but he's glad he didn't. *This feels amazing* , he thinks.

Unfortunately, it soon becomes too much and begins making him antsy. He wants Hannibal to get off him, to tell him to stop, but he's not sure that he should. It's only uncomfortable, he's not in agony. Though he's not on Will's chest, he gets the distinct feeling that he can't breathe.

"Please… stop," he gasps out finally.

To Hannibal's credit, he stops and gets off Will immediately. He was also glad for the respite, his hands beginning to ache. Not to mention touching Will like this was making his cock unbearably hard. He really wants to fuck him, having thought about it more than he'd like to admit. He'd even be interested in allowing Will to top him, though he'd never bottomed before. It would be a new experience for him.

Ignoring his urges, he focuses his concern to Will, "Are you alright?"

"Yes. It's just the prolonged contact. It becomes overwhelming after a bit." Will explains quietly. "It's not a new thing. I was like this before, too."

He doesn't have to specify what he means by before, with his life now best described in two parts: before he was taken and after. He's the same person he was, but he's also someone else entirely. Often, he's not sure who he is at any given time and it seems to him that it can change day to day.

He hadn't had the strongest sense of self before the abduction, but any inkling he'd had was literally and figuratively beat out of him. He was slowly whittled away by his captors, by Mason Verger's instruction. He gets angry sometimes thinking about his treatment there, but that's also short lived. It feels like a forbidden emotion. Being angry leads to lashing out and lashing out leads to punishment. He'd learned that quickly at the compound and hasn't seemed to unlearn it yet.

When he does feel his emotions, they are especially raw. Painful in a way they never quite were before. Leaving him shaking, or crying—or both. If he's angry, he feels murderous. If he's sad, he's despairing. There are no halfway emotions. Not anymore. And most, if not all of them, are tinged with fear and shame. Fear of being punished and shame for being unable to control his emotions in the way he was once able to.

"I'll leave you now to rest." Hannibal says.

"Please… stay?" Will asks, voice so quiet Hannibal almost misses it.

He doesn't want to be alone right now. He's tired and would like nothing more than to go to sleep, but he needs an anchor. He feels like his mind could easily spiral again, and it will once he's alone. Hannibal has slowly become his anchor, and now he's asking the man to sleep with him. *Pathetic* , his mind supplies. He ignores it, and looks up at Hannibal awaiting his response.

"If you're sure." He says.

Will is sure, and he nods. They ready themselves for a mid morning nap, and Will crawls under the covers, pulling them back in invitation for Hannibal to climb in as well. He does slowly, unsure of how close Will wants him.

The question is answered when Will slides next to him and places his hand on Hannibal's bare chest. His slender fingers mindlessly work through his chest hair, almost nervously. Nonetheless, the touch is soothing to both Will and Hannibal and soon both men are sleep.

Chapter 8

Waking up in bed that afternoon with Hannibal is an experience, primarily because at some point during the nap Will has ended up *on top* of him. And of course he has an erection, and of course it is pressed against Hannibal's thigh. Mortified, Will tries to slowly move away from Hannibal, but the man grabs him and pulls him even closer in his sleep. Will squeaks at the handling, still surprised at the way he can just move Will however he wants. He's deceptively strong underneath all the layers he usually wears—though he doesn't have many layers on now.

Will's eyes widen when he feels Hannibal's erection against him. The man is completely asleep and has begun slowly rutting himself against Will. It seems Will's attempts to escape the arms holding him only serve to make Hannibal more determined to rut against him. He grunts, and comes against Will's thigh. His heart beats rapidly, and his skin feels too tight with two emotions fusing together to make him on edge. Arousal, but also anxiety. Though, he calms himself once he realizes Hannibal has *finished* and won't be trying to fuck him, hopefully.

Will still has an erection, and while having a sleeping man hold him and use his thigh to finish was a little bit terrifying, it was also arousing. He'd like to jerk off, to try the lubricant Hannibal had provided him with, but he can't exactly do that being held in his arms.

Eventually, Hannibal wakes up, still holding Will against him. The younger man looks up at him through his eyelashes, prompting Hannibal to loosen his grip. It takes him a moment to realize what he'd done, the sticky mess in his boxers giving it away, and a rare shade of pink washes over Hannibal's face.

Will, realizing Hannibal is mortified, tries to calm him, "It's okay, you just… uh, rubbed yourself against my thigh."

It doesn't seem to help. He is horrified by his lack of restraint, especially with a man who has trauma like Will's. His face is giving away his displeasure, and it's rare for his face to be open in such a way. It's like finally being able to read a book that's had its pages glued together.

"I am so sorry." Hannibal says.

"It's okay… when I woke up I had my erection pressed against you. I was relieved to see you weren't awake." Will laughs awkwardly.

Hannibal says nothing, only shifting in bed, becoming acutely aware of the drying mess in his boxers. It becomes itchy as it dries and he'd like to go take a hot shower, though he's not sure he should leave Will yet. The man bites his lip, as if he wants to say something else, and Hannibal intends to give him every opportunity.

"You said you don't care if I touch myself… would you like to watch?"

“I would, my dear boy.” Hannibal replies.

He’ll take whatever Will wants to give him eagerly. He won’t push or pressure him into anything, but if Will says he wants something, he’s not going to question it.

Will smiles, and pulls down his boxers, exposing his hard cock. There’s already a bead of precum on the tip. Grabbing the bottle of lube from the table, he squeezes some out onto his hand. Hannibal watches, enthralled, his own cock even giving a twitch of interest.

Will sighs when he wraps his hand around his erection, the feeling bordering on euphoric. Knowing Hannibal is there, watching him, is more arousing than he ever thought it could be. He occasionally glance over at him, and the look on the man’s face is one of pure adoration and lust. His pupils are blown wide and his cheeks are pink. Will wonders what he would look like if he touched himself.

Breathlessly will says, “Touch yourself, too.”

Hannibal doesn’t have to be told twice. His cock already hard and desperate to be released from its confines. He forgoes the lube, having no need for it. Will looks over at Hannibal’s cock, and his mouth falls open in a moan. It’s large, and uncut.

Unbidden, Will’s mind wonders how that could *ever* fit inside him. The thought of being stretched open by his cock makes Will ache for the need to release, but his climax keeps evading him. He hasn’t reached orgasm the entire time he’s been here, and if he had balls, he’s sure they’d be swollen and sore—especially since he’s unintentionally edged himself more than once.

He whines, watching Hannibal jerk himself off. He’s *so close*, but it just isn’t happening. He moves his hand faster, applying more pressure and even teases his slit with his thumb. He’d takes his hand and squeeze his balls if he could—that would often help him get there if he was having trouble *before*. Hannibal’s eyes find his, and Hannibal is cumming with a moan. He looks exquisite in the throes of pleasure, and if Will could, it would bring him over the edge too.

He sighs, defeated, slowing his movements. Hannibal watches him, the haze of his orgasm gradually clearing. He can see the frustration on Will’s face, his cock still hard, red, and leaking. Will continues his lazy motions, already accepting that he’s not going to cum this time, either.

“May I?” Hannibal asks, looking from Will’s eyes, down to his cock.

“…What?” Will asks incredulously. *Surely he doesn’t mean…*

“Let me make you cum.”

Will swallows, eyes widened. He wants to say yes, *oh god he wants to say yes*. He wants to feel Hannibal’s hands around his cock, or even his hot mouth swallowing him down. Instead, he’s quiet. His voice won’t work and his hands are shaking. Out of desire, or fear? He’s not

sure. He doesn't want to give consent for this and have it taken further. He's unsure if he can revoke consent once he gives it.

"I… I *can't*," Will sobs. He's so hard it *hurts* and Hannibal *wants* to help, and yet the thought makes him dizzy with fear.

"It's alright, I won't do anything you're not comfortable with." Hannibal says, placing a gentle hand on Will's cheek.

He leans into the touch minutely, his erection forgotten. More pressing than his sexual frustration, he longs endlessly for comfort. To be touched to be held without expectation. He feels fragile, like he could shatter into a thousand pieces and Hannibal is the only thing holding him together when he pulls him into his arms. Will sighs, feeling the fear that was present just moments ago, seeping out of him and being replaced by contentedness.

Will's mind goes fuzzy, and he's not sure if he's been in this embrace for a minute or an hour when Hannibal lets him go. He tells Will he's going to take a shower, invites him to join, but he declines, opting instead to sit on his bed. When Hannibal returns, Will has dressed and made his bed.

"I was thinking we could go grocery shopping today." Hannibal says.

"I can go?" Will asks, excitement evident in his voice.

"Yes, Will. We'll need to be vigilant, but I don't think there will be any harm in this outing."

He's bubbling with excitement, a huge smile plastered on his face for so long, his cheeks begin to ache.

"Where are you from, Will?" Hannibal asks once they're in the car.

"I grew up in Louisiana," He answers.

"I thought so. Your accent slips through sometimes. Is there any dish you miss from Louisiana?"

"Gumbo." Will answers without hesitation.

They decide to get the necessary ingredients to allow Will to make dinner tonight. Will is excited—it's been years since he's had gumbo. He's nervous, too since it's been just as long since he's made it. With how lovely Hannibal's cooking usually is, he worries his won't be up to standard. He shoves the thought down, convincing himself to just enjoy this outing, and their dinner later regardless of outcome.

Will isn't surprised when he sees they've pulled up to a Whole Foods Market. *Of course* Hannibal buys natural and organic food. He doesn't realize he'd laughed to himself until Hannibal looks over at him with a quirked eyebrow.

"I was just thinking… of course someone like you shops at a place like this." Will admits easily.

“Someone like me?”

“Someone fancy, rich.” Will clarifies. “I can’t even picture you inside a Walmart.”

Hannibal chuckles and doesn’t correct him because he is right. He doesn’t shop at Walmart, instead choosing places like Whole Foods and small businesses for his nonfood items. They get out of the car and Will grabs a cart, eyes wide and a smile on his face. It seems being in captivity makes one truly appreciate the once mundane things in life. He hopes to be able to take Will out even more as more time passes. There haven’t been anymore news stories posted about him in weeks.

Will leads them to the meat section of the store and examines the chicken, deciding which will be best for the gumbo. Hannibal turns away to look at the vegetables, leaving Will to decide. So enthralled in his decision, he’s almost too late when he recognizes a familiar face. His stomach flips and his heart drops. *It’s Alana Bloom*. One of his few friends from *before*. He knows he can’t let her see him, so he dashes backward, leaving his cart by the chicken and hides behind a nearby display. His hands shake as he shuts his eyes tightly, listening for anything important. Then, he hears Hannibal’s voice.

“Alana! Long time, no see.” Hannibal greets.

“Oh! Hannibal! How have you been?” She replies smiling.

“Busy, of course. Too many clients to worry about much of anything else.” He chuckles. “How have you been?”

“Honestly? It’s been tough.” She answers.

“How so?”

“My friend—Will, is still missing and it seems like everyone else has moved on.” She says, frowning.

“He is the profiler that went missing a while ago, yes?” Hannibal asks, feigning ignorance.

“That’s the one. At first Jack was going crazy trying to find him, but with weeks of no leads, eventually everyone just started giving up. I think they’re close to declaring him presumed dead.”

Will hears all of this from his hiding spot, and he can’t stop the tears from falling. Hearing Alana talk about him like that breaks his heart into a million little shards. His lip trembles, knowing that everyone is moving on without him. Perhaps Jack has even found a new profiler. The thought fills him with despair.

He hears the end of their conversation, Hannibal inviting Alana to dinner soon and then they part ways. Once Alana is gone, Hannibal walks over to Will, a sympathetic look on his face. But, they leave their cart and begin walking toward the exit. They’ll have to go shopping later, or Hannibal will have to go alone.

Once in the car, Will says something that's been bothering him, "I didn't know you knew Alana."

"I was her mentor when she was in school." Hannibal says.

"Small world." Will says quietly.

"She seems to really care about you."

"We were friends. A couple weeks before I was taken, we'd actually kissed. I don't know if it was going to go anywhere, but I'd had a crush on her for the longest time." Will admits.

Hannibal feels a pang of jealousy at the thought of Will kissing someone else, but he knows Will used to have a life. Now his existence is defined only by Hannibal. He knows it isn't healthy for Will, but the alternative is death and he can't bear the thought of a world without Will. He wants to posses Will entirely, but only with the man's consent, of course.

Chapter 9

They don't talk about Alana again, until one day, Hannibal knocks on Will's door.

"Will, Alana is coming over for dinner this evening." Hannibal says.

"*What*?" Will asks incredulously.

He couldn't have heard that correctly. Alana is coming *here*? Into the same house Will is being kept in?

"She called and insisted we get together, and since I have never been one to shy away from hosting dinner parties, I agreed. I fear I might have roused suspicion in her if I had made excuses."

Will looks up at him, searching his eyes for *something*. He's not sure what. Perhaps he's searching for a lie? A plan to get rid of Alana altogether? *No, he can't.*

"Are you going to kill her?" Will asks quietly.

"No, not unless you give me a reason to."

"Why would I—oh." Will says.

"You'll stay in this room, the door will be locked and you won't make a sound. Do you understand?" Hannibal says, voice deeper and more threatening than usual.

"Yes, sir," Will squeaks out before even realizing he's said it.

The word softens Hannibal's face, though it's almost imperceptible. He realizes he's ordering Will around as if he truly was a slave. Threatening him with the death of his friend if he misbehaves. If the consequences of Will's possible misbehavior weren't so dire, it'd feel like he were threatening a child.

Hannibal likes Alana, and has no desire to kill her. But, if it came between he and Will separating or her death, he'd choose her death every time. His obsession with Will Graham seems to often border on madness.

He wants to tell Will how he feels, but he decides it wouldn't be wise. To tell someone you're obsessed with them while they're your captive probably wouldn't instill confidence. He considers briefly, *what if he lets Will go?* The thought runs through his head often, seemingly more and more every day.

Will watches Hannibal quietly. The man pauses and doesn't say anything when Will calls him '*sir*'. The tone he'd used to command him made him want to fall to his knees and do whatever he's asked to. He hates the way his brain is wired now to follow commands without argument. He wonders how he'd ever be able to become a member of society if he somehow

got free. People would find out and be able to use him for whatever they want. All they'd need to is use a stern tone and he'd be like an obedient dog.

"I don't like doing this to you, Will." Hannibal says remorsefully.

One look at his face and Will knows he's being truthful. It's an odd dichotomy, knowing Hannibal cares about him, but also that he continues to hold him captive. Even so, when he reminds himself he's a slave, it doesn't sting like it used to. Almost as if he's becoming used to it. He can only imagine what Will Graham, FBI profiler, would think about that. He'd be ashamed, he's sure.

"I know. It's okay." He lies.

It isn't okay. Hasn't been okay since he was taken, cut up, and sold like livestock. In many ways, he's a shell of his former self, only holding onto the pieces that serve him in his new life. The will to survive inside him is stronger than he'd have ever imagined it to be. He remembers his past self, sometimes very well—other times it's as if it's just a dream. A version of him he just made up to deal with the shitty hand he'd been dealt.

Hannibal doesn't lock him in his room yet, since they have a few hours before Alana is supposed to arrive. He offers to let Will help prepare dinner, but he declines and instead sits at the bar and watches Hannibal work. He spends more time than he wants to admit watching the man's deft hands, slicing and seasoning the meat. The dish appears to be offal, perhaps kidney?

"Is it human?" Will asks.

"Yes." Hannibal replies.

His supply is running low, but he finds immense joy from feeding unsuspecting guests this *kind* of food.

Will finds it almost humorous that he feels no strong emotion about the fact Hannibal *eats people* and has also fed him people. He supposes he's just too jaded to give a shit. Another thing Will Graham, FBI profiler, would be ashamed of. That part of him would want justice for Hannibal's victims, would want to stop him from killing and eating again. As it is, he can't bring himself to care. Nobody seemed to really care about him, nobody except Alana.

He wonders about Alana sometimes, even more since seeing her in the grocery store. Did she adopt his dogs? She'd be the only one who would ever want to, he thinks. Though they are well behaved, seven dogs is a lot for any one person to handle. Maybe they got adopted out, each going to a new home by themselves. He longs to see Winston again, and Buster. His entire pack, really.

"If you can, will you ask Alana about my dogs?" Will questions quietly.

"Your dogs?" Hannibal asks, looking up from the meat in front of him.

"Yeah, I find myself wondering if she kept them or adopted them out."

“Ah, I see. If it comes up organically, I will ask. I cannot appear overly interested.”

Will bites his lip and looks down at the bar below his elbows. He understands, but wishes he didn’t. He shouldn’t be understanding of his captor, he shouldn’t be *attracted* to his captor, and yet, here he is. Attracted and understanding. He sighs audibly.

“Are you alright?”

“As good as one can be given the circumstances,” Will answers cynically.

Hannibal looks at him with a thin lipped smile. Ever since seeing Alana, Will has struggled more and more with accepting his place. He can see Will becoming more depressed, more uncomfortable in his new life. But, there’s nothing he really can do aside from killing him, and he’s much too selfish for that.

“Take a plate for yourself and go up to your bedroom,” Hannibal instructs.

“Not hungry,” Will grunts, getting up from his seat.

Hannibal doesn’t insist he take a plate, only watches him go with empty hands. Once he hears the door shut, he goes up the stairs after him. After engaging the lock on Will’s door, Hannibal makes final preparations for Alana’s arrival.

Right at seven o’clock on the dot, Alana rings the doorbell. Hannibal pulls some bread out of the oven and then goes to open the door, still in his apron. He welcomes her inside with a warm smile, taking the proffered bottle of wine from her hands. It’s expensive wine, too expensive for even a Georgetown psychiatrist’s budget. Alana has always like Hannibal, even when he was her mentor. Now, they’re on equal footing, so perhaps she believes she has a chance with him. He intends to humor her, to allow her to make her advances.

“It smells lovely,” She observes, sitting down at the table.

“Thank you, I hope it tastes as good as it smells.” He replies politely.

Their conversation begins innocently enough. She tells him about some patients she’s seen over the last few months and he interjects with his own patient stories. However, it doesn’t take her long to shift the conversation to heavier topics.

“There’s still no news on Will,” She sighs.

“No leads? Nothing?” Hannibal asks.

“Nothing. It’s like he just vanished. You’d think we’d eventually find his—his body if he were dead, but there’s *nothing*.” A tear slip from her eye and rolls down her cheek.

“Are you absolutely sure he didn’t just… run away?” Hannibal asks.

“No! He wouldn’t do that to me… to his dogs.” She replies. “I have his dogs, Jack tried to convince me to give them up for adoption but I can’t bare to see them anywhere else.”

Hannibal files away that information to share with Will later. He feels little in the way of sympathy for Alana, but listens intently, ensuring his expressions are sympathetic. She has a way of making things like this about her, and it seems Will's disappearance is no different. All she talks about is how it has impacted *her*, how it hurts *her*. Hannibal finds it rude.

The entire time they talk, she sips wine, having had 3 glasses by the time dinner is finished. As Hannibal gathers their dishes, he can tell she is thoroughly buzzed. *It would be easy to kill her now*, he thinks. But not practical, because for one, Will has yet to do anything that would make her death necessary. Additionally, she more than likely told someone where she was going to be tonight. Hannibal doesn't like leaving trails like that.

Coming back to the table, Hannibal sees Alana standing and waiting for him. Or maybe she is ready to leave, but he's not that lucky. She approaches him, pupils wide, the smell of arousal rolling off her. She wraps her arms around him possessively, and kisses him messily. He resists the urge to push her away and instead returns the kiss, snaking his arms around her waist.

She moans into the kiss, and drunkenly reaches toward the button on his pants. He grabs her wrist, stopping her from going further. She looks up at his wide eyed, mouth parted, with a look of confusion on her face. Unsure how to tell her no, Hannibal kisses her again.

She breaks the kiss and breathlessly asks, "Do you want to…?"

"Sleep with you?" He finishes for her. "Not tonight."

She bites her lip, feeling the sting of rejection. Recovering quickly, she takes a step back from him, suddenly feeling like she's overstayed her welcome. She turns and heads for the door and gets her coat.

"Dinner was lovely, thank you for having me." She says.

"It is always a pleasure to have an old friend for dinner." Hannibal responds, smiling.

As soon as she's gone, he heads upstairs to check on Will. He finds the man sitting on his bed, reading a book. When the door shuts behind him, Will looks up, as if surprised to see Hannibal still there.

"How was your dinner with Alana?" Will asks.

"Fine." Hannibal replies, sitting next to Will on the bed.

"You smell like her. She still uses the same perfume, I see."

"She got tipsy, she kissed me."

"Ah, did you fuck her?" Will snaps, more anger leeching from his voice than he intends.

He almost feels *jealous*? The idea of Hannibal sleeping with anyone, especially Alana makes him angry.

“No… I had no desire to do that. I turned her down.”

“Why?” Will asks. “She’s attractive.”

“She is. But she isn’t who I want.”

“Who *do* you want?” Will asks, sliding closer to Hannibal.

“*You*.”

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I am already yours," Will whispers, voice serious. "You *own* me."

"*I know*," Hannibal stresses. "That's precisely the reason why I can't have you."

For a man who buys, murders, and eats people Hannibal's moral compass is surprisingly present in the other matters. The dichotomy of him being both a monster, and a person capable of love and empathy is almost maddening. It makes Will never know what to expect with him.

His attraction to the man who owns him is undeniable, and he'd like to give himself completely to him, but he can't. Not like this, not being held captive by him. As long as they exist like this, with such a power imbalance, any relationship they'd pursue would be tinged with resentment and uncertainty. Will would never be sure if he truly loves Hannibal, or if it's some kind of fucked up captor bonding.

"You could let me go." Will finally says.

"I could let you go." Hannibal repeats, as if testing the feeling of the words in his mouth.

"And then you could have me—I'd give myself to you willingly. In whatever capacity you want me." Will says honestly.

"How do I know you wouldn't go straight to the FBI and tell them about me?"

"You'd just have to trust me." Will answers.

Hannibal considers the man in front of him. The man who made him change his plans, the man who made him feel *love* for the first time since he lost his sister. His chest aches with the desire to be with Will, to see him free and here willingly. He aches to see Will reunited with his dogs, even. And his friends.

Keeping a man like Will in captivity like a zoo animal is a waste to the rest of the world. Alternatively, he could kill Will. Eat him. Making the man become a part of him—literally. But no, he can't. The world is more interesting with Will in it.

"I need to remove the tracker they put in you." Hannibal says, mind made up.

Will's eyes light up at that. *Is he letting him go?*

"Okay, let's do it."

Hannibal takes Will down to his basement, the first and possibly last time he'll see it. He cleans the area and injects him with a local anesthetic, Will having insisted he be awake for

it. He struggles to stay still, his body thrumming in excitement before Hannibal begins the simple procedure.

He stills when the scalpel touches his skin. He doesn't feel pain, only pressure. He knows Hannibal could potentially change course and slit his throat—making him bleed out in a matter of minutes, but he doesn't. Hannibal makes a small incision vertically and fishes out the tracker with a pair of tweezers, setting it aside on a table. The incision is small and only requires one stitch, and the entire procedure is complete in less than five minutes.

"Done." Hannibal declares.

"Now what?" Will asks.

"I'm going to drive you to the hospital, you are going to go inside and tell them whatever you feel they need to know." Hannibal says.

"I'm not hurt…" Will says, trailing off. "You should hit me."

"Hit you?" Hannibal asks, quirking an eyebrow.

"Make it look like I just escaped from the Verger's compound. Hit me hard, maybe break my ribs?"

"I… I don't know if I can do that."

"You have to." Will declares. "I'll be okay."

It takes more persuasion, but eventually Hannibal agrees. The first punch lands on Will's face, though it isn't hard. The next punch is harder, splitting Will's lip making it bleed sluggishly down his chin.

"Keep going," Will urges.

Hannibal punches him in the ribs swiftly, knocking the wind from him. Again, he punches him. Will falls to the ground, gasping. The request for him to stop is there, just below his chin, but he remains quiet. Silent aside from his gasps and groans.

With Will sufficiently bloody, and at least one rib broken, Hannibal steps away for a moment —leaving Will dazed on the ground. When Hannibal returns, he has Will's *collar* in his hands. He shrinks away from the thing, the idea of wearing it again, even just for show, makes him ill. More ill than he is with his new injuries.

"This is how I brought you home, I think it is wise to wear it now." Hannibal says.

He derives no joy from fastening the thing around Will's neck, watching the man's body shudder at the feeling. Instead, he'd like to take the man in his arms and hold him, shush him and stroke his hair as he holds him against his chest. He doesn't though, fearing he won't be able to let go if he holds on—even for just a moment.

"You are going to come back to me, aren't you?" Hannibal asks.

Will answers him with a kiss. It's a quick, chaste kiss, but he hopes his feelings are sufficiently portrayed. He *loves* Hannibal—loves him so much it hurts. The ache at the thought of being apart is almost worse than the pain blossoming in his ribs with every breath he takes.

Getting Will into the car is harder than he anticipated, the smaller man still in pain from the beating. It hurts him to see Will in such a way, but it was necessary. Necessary for Will's story to make the most sense without implicating Hannibal.

He knows the man could still implicate him, go to the hospital and tell them the truth. There's nothing Hannibal can do about that aside from keeping him or killing him—and he can't do either. He wants to posses Will entirely, and that can only happen if Will is *free* and wants it to happen.

Will, once seated in the back of the car, sheds his clothes. Hannibal starts to ask why but doesn't. It wouldn't make sense for Will to be wearing nice clothing if he'd just escaped from a human trafficking organization. So, with Will now naked aside from his boxers, He curls up in the back seat, waiting for Hannibal to tell him when to get out.

"We're here. The hospital is just around the corner. Can you make it on your own?" Hannibal asks, heart aching.

"Yeah, I got it." Will answers, giving him a watery smile.

He gets out of the car and shuts the door behind him. He looks toward the vehicle until Hannibal drives it out of sight. At that, he turns and limps his way to the hospital, cradling his ribs and a collar around his neck. Making it to the emergency room doors, he falls to his knees—not just for show, but out of genuine pain. A slew of nurses rush to his side, working to get him up onto a gurney.

"Can you tell me your name, sir?" A blonde haired nurse asks.

"Will Graham," He answers, voice raspy.

"You're the profiler that went missing a while back, aren't you?" She asks, recognizing the name from the poster that had been hanging on the hospital's bulletin board for weeks.

"Yes." He answers, and lets unconsciousness claim him.

When he wakes, it's to the beeping of machines and scratchy sheets. Prying open his eyes, he looks around at the hospital room. He smiles when he sees Alana, next to his bed, asleep. He grunts as he tries to sit up, noticing the wrapping around his chest. He brings his hand up to his neck to find the collar gone and he's relieved.

"You're up!" A nurse says when she walks by the room.

"Water… can I have some water?" Will asks, throat painfully parched.

The nurse nods and leaves to get some water. The activity seems to have woken Alana and she looks over at Will, thrilled to see him awake. She grasps his hand, tears forming in her

eyes at the sight of her friend.

“You’re awake!” She almost cries.

“I am,” He says.

“I never gave up hope, you know. I kept your dogs.”

He smiles widely at that, ignoring the pain it causes in his face to do so. The nurse comes back before he can say anything and give him a cup of water. He downs the entire thing before speaking again.

“*My dogs*. I’ve missed my dogs so much. And you, of course.” He gets teary eyed at that. “How long have I been here?”

“Just a few hours. You have a lot of injuries, but none are life threatening. You do have a cracked rib, though.”

“I thought so.” He replies.

“Jack is going to be here soon. He’s going to want to know what happened. I do, too. But only if you’re ready to talk about it.”

He knows he’ll have to talk about it. There’s no way around it. He knew it as soon as he and Hannibal had hatched their plan, but the idea of laying himself bare like this makes him nauseous. He’d rather not talk about it, not think of it ever again. To just find his way back to Hannibal and go back to work, take care of his dogs, live his life. It is what he longs for. Unfortunately, Jack isn’t going to let him do that.

“Will,” Jack greets, voice deeper than he remembers.

“Jack.” Will says in reply.

Alana doesn’t make a move to leave the room, still holding Will’s hand at the side of his bed.

“Are you ready to tell me where the hell you’ve been? We thought you were *dead*!” Jack shouts.

Jack is angry, more at himself than anyone else. He’d assumed Will was gone for good, or dead. He’d considered that perhaps the stress of his job made him drop everything and just disappear. Seeing Will in this hospital room, beat up, is sobering. He feels guilty for raising his voice, seeing the full body flinch that ricocheted through Will.

Will hates yelling. Even more than he’d hated it before. Now, it just makes him think he’s fucked up and is about to be punished. Jack’s deep voice almost sends him spiraling into a panic attack, but he manages to subdue it. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

“Do you think I wanted to *disappear*?” Will asks incredulously. “You have no idea what I’ve been through.”

“So tell me.” Jack urges.

Will tells him almost everything, from waking up in that room to the surgery they did on him, and how he was taken out to be auctioned off like cattle. His story diverges from the truth there—instead of mentioning Hannibal he says they weren’t able to sell him, that he was too old for most of the clientele. He’s glad that isn’t true, he’d likely be dead now if it were.

Both Alana and Jack have dumbfounded looks plastered on their faces. As if what he’s said is so much worse than anything they could’ve ever been dreamt up. Then, Jack’s face softens, a look of pity gracing his features. It’s worse than anything else Will’s seen from him. He gets the distinct feeling Jack wants to hug him, or apologize. As if any of this was his fault.

“I’m okay,” He assures them both, but they know he’s not.

When Will tells them it was Mason Verger’s operation, Jack’s face falls. Mason Verger has money and more than one politician in his pocket. Some of those politicians probably know exactly what Mason does—how he continues to grow his fortune even as the Verger’s sale of pork has declined.

Nonetheless, Jack vows to do everything he can to bring them to justice, to free anyone else in their clutches. Will wants to help, insists, even. But nobody thinks he’s fit to be back at work, so he’s placed on leave. To heal—to get better, they say. But there’s no getting better for Will. It doesn’t matter how much time he takes off, or how much therapy he gets—he won’t be better. He’s forever changed. The Will Graham he used to be is *dead*.

Before he’s going to be discharged from the hospital, Alana suggests he sees a psychiatrist—someone who is well versed in trauma therapy. Will’s brow quirks up at that, and he listens intently to her spiel. Thinking she would have to convince him to see this psychiatrist, she says great things about him and that he was her mentor, but he agrees readily.

A few hours later, there’s a knock on his hospital room door. And when the door opens, Hannibal is there. He greets Will with a warm smile and approaches the bed. Alana is in the room, introducing them and then she’s gone, silently slipping out of the room to give them privacy.

Now, Will and Hannibal are alone together, and for the first time since they’ve met, they’re on equal footing.

Chapter End Notes

I decided to end this here, but I do have some ideas for a sequel. If you'd like to read more of their journey, let me know!

(Also, having 3 WIPs is difficult lol)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!